

H-E-L-L-O BILL!



STORIES
AFTER
DINNER



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Hello Bill!

H-E-L-L-O BILL!

A BOOK OF
AFTER-DINNER
STORIES



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Hello Bill!

THE ARM OF THE LAW

In a certain Canadian city, a lady was defending an action for a large sum of money which she felt she was not morally entitled to pay. When it looked as if the case would go against her, she sold all her real estate and put the proceeds, some \$15,000 or more, in her pocket-book — which in her case, as is the custom with some women, was her stocking. The judgment was given against her and because she would not pay nor tell where the money was, she was sent to jail for a year. Her counsel tried to get her released. The following conversation formed part of the proceedings: “ You admit,” said the judge, “ that this woman had property to the value of \$15,000? ” “ Yes, your honor,” said the counsel. “ And you admit that she sold the property and put the money in her

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stocking?" "Yes, my lord." "And do you mean to tell me that the arm of the law is not long enough to reach it?"

EXERCISE AND FOOD

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Newlywed as he confronted the tramp at the door of the bungalow; "breakfast or work?"

"Both, sir," replied the wayfarer timidly.

"Well, eat that," returned the other savagely, handing out a biscuit and piece of steak, "and you'll have both."

Whereupon Mrs. Newlywed glanced reproachfully at her husband, for he was giving away the first fruits of her culinary studies at the cooking school.

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE"

The moral of this story may be that it is better to heed the warnings of the "still small voice" before it is driven to the use of the telephone.

A New York lawyer, gazing idly out of his window, saw a sight in an office across the street that made him rub his eyes and look again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The pretty

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stenographer was sitting upon the gentleman's lap. The lawyer noticed the name that was lettered on the window and then searched in the telephone book. Still keeping his eye upon the scene across the street, he called the gentleman up. In a few moments he saw him start violently and take down the receiver.

"Yes," said the lawyer through the telephone, "I should think you would start."

The victim whisked his arm from its former position and began to stammer something.

"Yes," continued the lawyer severely, "I think you'd better take that arm away. And while you're about it, as long as there seems to be plenty of chairs in the room —"

The victim brushed the lady from his lap, rather roughly, it is to be feared. "Who — who the devil is this, anyhow?" he managed to splutter.

"I," answered the lawyer in deep, impressive tones, "am your conscience!"

WHO'S GOVERNOR?

While Governor Wilson of Kentucky was housebound last winter, owing to a strained tendon in his leg, he was attended by "Jim," who had been general factotum to many gov-

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ernors, and who was a source of much fun among the State House attachés. The lame leg caused the governor to move his office temporarily to the mansion, where he received many delegations. On one occasion Mrs. Wilson had waited luncheon for thirty minutes, and she told His Excellency that he must come down and eat with her. "My dear," said Mr. Wilson, "just as soon as I see that delegation of men downstairs, I'll be with you." Mrs. Wilson was determined, and said: "Jim, you go down and tell them to wait." "Jim," frowned the governor, as that worthy started off to obey the mistress of the mansion — "Jim, you know who is governor, don't you?" "Yas, suh," grinned Jim, with seeming innocence, "yas, suh, I'll go down and tell the gemmen to wait, suh."

SHE WAS TOO QUICK

There were three at the little table in the café, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen smiling complacently.

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"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady; "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.

AN IMPERILED TREASURE

Indignant Wife: That new chauffeur has only just brought the children and me home and now he's taken the cook out for a spin.

Husband: Great Heavens! He doesn't half know how to manage a car and she's the first decent cook we've had in a year.

WHERE BAD GIRLS GO

"Darling, where do good little girls go?" asked a Bolckow mother of her young hopeful. "To heaven," replied the child. "And where do the bad little girls go?" asked the mother. "To the depot to see the traveling men come in."

ANNOUNCEMENT

The young minister temporarily officiating at Hankins's Falls for the summer met Ehud Leffingwell as he was walking to church on Sunday morning.

"How do, Mister Leffingwell?" he cried,

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cheerfully. "Going to church this beautiful morning?"

"Hay?" asked Ehud, who was pretty hard of hearing. "Hay?"

"Are — you — coming — to — church?" roared the minister.

"Nuh," Ehud responded. "Lookin' fer my caow. She must 'a' got out the barn las' night. Unhooked the hasp, I cal'late, an' jest strayed —"

"Come — on — to church," the minister shouted cordially, "and after preaching I'll tell the congregation, and they'll help you. You'll get your cow much quicker."

"B'jocks! I'll go ye," said Ehud, heartily, and he fell into step with the young minister. At the church door he was overcome by modesty and, declaring that he didn't have his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes on, insisted upon sitting in one of the most distant pews.

He didn't hear the sermon at all, but he could tell when it was over by seeing the young minister fold up his manuscript and put it away. This done, the young man began to make announcements. Ehud raised his right hand in a great leathery scoop behind his ear, but still he heard nothing.

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"My dear friends," said the minister, "it affords me great pleasure to tell you that on Tuesday evening next, at the hour of six o'clock, there will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents the wedding of Mr. Edward Stoutenboro, one of our most esteemed and promising young men, and that charming, estimable young lady—as beautiful as she is good—Miss Mehitabel Dodsworth."

As the minister ceased, everybody was astonished to see Ehud Leffingwell arise in his pew.

"An' ye might add, parson," he shouted, "that her eyes ain't mates an' she's a leetle mite lame in the off hind leg."

REGULAR ATTENDANT

The business manager for David Warfield brought in from the road the story of the manager of a thrilling melodrama, in one scene of which a husband enters one door an instant after an admirer of his wife has made his exit from another. During a run of a week in one city the manager noticed that one man, obviously from the country, went in every night. Finally he remarked to the man that he must enjoy the performance. "Tolerably so," re-

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plied the playgoer, "but some night that husband is going to catch that other feller, and I want to be on hand to see what happens."

ALL CREDITED

All stories told relative to incidents that occur at the gate of the celestial city are not veracious, but this one has the semblance of truth.

A broker who had made his mark in Wall Street sought admission at the pearly gates.

"Who are you?" said St. Peter.

"I'm a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman in Broadway the other day and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter, it's marked down to his credit."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I crossed the Brooklyn bridge the other night and met a newsboy half frozen to death, and gave him one cent."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

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"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I can't recollect anything else just now."

"Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?"

"Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

LIFE OF THE FUNERAL

"Please, ma'am," said Mandy, the little colored maid of all work, "I'se got to leave yuh next week, I'se gwine to be married."

"Why, Mandy," cried her astonished mistress, "I didn't even know you had a beau."

"I haven't exackly had one," said Mandy, "but yuh knows dat fun'ral I went to las' week; well, I'se gwine to marry the corpse's husband. He sez I was the life of the fun'ral."

JUST LIKE FATHER

Myra Kelly, whose stories of child life on the East Side are well known to magazine readers, tells many amusing stories of her experiences in teaching the young idea of foreign extraction how to shoot in English. On one occasion she

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was attempting to demonstrate to a class of youthful pupils the exact meaning of various words, using the plan of taking a word, carefully explaining its meaning and then asking one of the class to construct a sentence containing that word. Among other words she selected was "disarrange," and after having attempted to make its meaning absolutely clear, called upon a little Italian boy for an oral demonstration. After an interval of deep thought, he gave utterance to this:

"My papa he get-a up early in de morning for a light-a de fire in-a de kitchen. De fire he go out, and my papa say: 'Damn'a dis-a range'!"

POACHING

Sir William Gilbert, the dramatic author and wit, at one time took a house in the country, near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune. The jam manufacturer one day wrote Sir William an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the Gilbert servants were trespassing on his grounds. Sir William wrote back: "Dear

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Sir — I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves. P. S. — You'll excuse my mentioning your preserves, won't you? "

ON THE LANDING STAGE AT HAR- WICH

Fair, fat, spectacled and big mustached, it needed not his guttural tones and Teuton accent to acquaint the hotel manager that the new arrival owed allegiance to Europe's Inexhaustible Surprise Packet, the Kaiser.

"Vrom Potsdammerburg I vas come, sir," announced the newcomer.

"A very fine place, sir," returned the manager politely.

"Der vas a petter."

"Yes? Berlin?"

"Nein. Ohm."

"Ohm? In — er — Germany, of course?"

"Donner und blitzen, nein! In England. In dis gountry."

"Ohm?" said the manager, thoughtfully.

"Ya," growled the German. "I vas come from Potsdammerburg to see Ohm. Der vas no blace like Ohm. I vas at der goncert in Berlin, und I hear der great English soprano

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sing dot der vas no blace like Ohm, und all der Engleesh beobles in der goncert gry like der leedle babies. Dot must be der vonderful blace, Ohm, to make der English beobles gry, und I dell mineself dot I vill go und see dis Ohm vot der vas no blace like. Now, sir, vich der vay to Ohm? ”

COMING OUT

“ So this is your daughter’s coming-out dinner, is it? ” a friend said to the débutante’s father. “ Yes,” the stern old man replied, “ and if I hadn’t put my foot down on that dressmaker, she’d have been out even further than she is.”

IN A CHEMIST’S SHOP

“ Of course,” said the lady to the druggist, “ it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then, you know, there has been so much exposure of patent medicines and such goods that I — ”

“ My dear madam,” interrupted the druggist, “ I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any — ”

“ I know; but I read in one magazine where

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lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and — ”

“ Impossible in this case. Why, you can see for yourself that — ”

“ Will you give me your word of honor that it contains no alcohol? ”

“ I would swear it on a stack of Bibles,” answered the druggist.

“ Then I’ll take it.”

And then the druggist wrapped up the porous plaster for her.

A BUSY BOY

The diminutive office boy had worked hard on a “ salary ” of three dollars a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to ask for an increase. A writer in the Kansas City Star tells the tale.

“ How much more would you like? ” inquired his employer.

“ Well,” answered the lad, “ I don’t think that two dollars more a week would be too much.”

“ You are a rather small boy to be earning five dollars a week.”

“ I suppose I am,” he replied. “ I know I’m

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small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've worked here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the "raise."

THE CORK CAME OUT

An Aberdonian went to spend a few days in London with his son, who had done exceptionally well in the great metropolis. After their first greetings at King's Cross Station, the young fellow remarked: "Feyther, you are not lookin' weel. Is there anything the matter?" The old man replied, "Aye, lad, I have had quite an accident." "What was that, feyther?" "Mon," he said, "on this journey frae bonnie Scotland I lost my luggage." "Dear, dear, that's too bad; 'oo did it happen?" "Aweel," replied the Aberdonian, "the cork cam' oot."

THE STING IN THE TAIL

"Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowall to her husband, on his return one evening from the office, "I have b-been d-dreadfully insulted!"

"Insulted?" exclaimed Harry, love. "By whom?"

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"B-by your m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away!"

Flora dried her tears.

"I'll tell you all about it, Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I — I opened it."

"Of course," repeated Harry, love, dryly.

"It — it was written to you all the way through. Do you understand?"

"I understand. But where does the insult to you come in?"

"It — it came in the p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of briny. "It s-said: 'P-P-P. S. — D-dear Flora, d-don't f-fail to give this l-letter to Harry. I w-want him to have it.'"

HE LOST THE BET

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen, who were staying at the hotel, heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something that Kenny couldn't answer at once.

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A bottle of champagne was ordered. The one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a "bang" and flew in Kenny's mouth.

"Ah," he said, "that is not the way to Cork!"

Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No; but it's the way to Kil-Kenny."

THEN THE LICKING CAME

"Johnny, I married your father because he saved me from drowning."

"I'll bet that's why pop's always tellin' me not to go swimmin'."

SHE KNEW THE PLACE

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly lady roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

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"I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No; he just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."

A QUITTER

"Young man," said the girl, "don't you do it. If you kiss me you'll certainly rue it."

He stopped right away,

She thinks him a jay,

And he is — that is all there is to it.

GOT IT BACK

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister, in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

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Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

Tourist — My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?

Landlord — My! but you're fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here.

Tourist — Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now.

Landlord — Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up with the news.

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"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair. "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope; we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Lorimer resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."

HER LAST MISTRESS

Mistress (to new servant) — Why, Bridget, this is the third time I've had to tell you about the finger-bowls. Didn't the lady you last worked for have them on the table?

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Bridget — No, mum; her friends always washed their hands before they came.

MODERN FINANCE

In condemning that sort of modern finance that consists in getting something for nothing, the late Bishop Potter said: "I once knew a boy who would have made a splendid financier. This boy, strolling idly through the streets — he never had anything to do — met another.

" 'I wish,' he said, 'I had a nickel. Then I'd buy a good 5-cent cigar and go into the woods and have a smoke.'

" 'I have a nickel,' said the other boy.

" 'Have you?' the first cried eagerly. 'Then let's form a corporation.'

" 'All right. How is it done?'

" 'I'll be the president. You'll be the stockholder. The nickel will be the capital and we'll invest it in tobacco.'

"The thing was agreed to and the president, taking the stockholder's five cents, bought a cigar forthwith. Then he led the way to the woods. There he sat down on a log, lit up and began to smoke skilfully.

"The stockholder waited for his turn to come. He waited very patiently. But the cigar di-

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minated. One-third of it, two-thirds of it disappeared and still the president showed no signs of satiety.

“ ‘ Say!’ exclaimed the stockholder at last, ‘ don’t I get a whack here?’ ”

“ The president, knocking off the ashes, shook his head.

“ ‘ I don’t see it,’ he said.

“ ‘ But what,’ shouted the angry stockholder, ‘ do I get for my capital?’ ”

“ ‘ Well,’ said the president, ‘ you can spit.’ ”

AT HIS BEST

Years ago Mark Twain used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner-table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: “ Your father is a very funny man.” “ Yes,” responded the child, “ when we have company.”

ALREADY INVENTED

“ I see they’ve invented another automatic machine that takes the place of a man,” remarked Miss Peppery. “ But they’ll never

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invent a machine that could take the place of a woman."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Knox, "there's the phonograph."

HE HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS

"Gerald," said the young wife, noticing how heartily he was eating, "do I cook as well as your mother did?"

Gerald put up his monocle, and stared at her through it.

"Once for all, Agatha," he said, "I beg you will remember that, although I may seem to be in reduced circumstances now, I come of an old and distinguished family. My mother was not a cook."

INFORMATION NEEDED

A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate." "Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

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"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

THE WARY CANDIDATE

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic drinks?"

"Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is put as an inquiry or as an invitation!"

PERHAPS

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I can not think what has upset that tall blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband!"

FORETHOUGHT

Irate Woman — These photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory and I refuse to accept them.

Photographer — What's wrong with them?

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Irate Woman — What's wrong! Why, my husband looks like a baboon.

Photographer — Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken.

A WAIST OCCUPATION

Stubb — What's the trouble, old chap? You look angry enough to fight.

Penn — Oh, I'm sizzling. It took me an hour to button up my wife's waist in the back, and then I told her a joke and she laughed so much the buttons all flew open. What's the use in telling a woman a joke, anyway?

WHICH TEACHES US WE SHOULD BE EXPLICIT

A tramp appeared at Mrs. Newlywed's door.

"Can I have a bite to eat, M'm?"

"Certainly, you poor fellow," replied the young wife. "I'll get you something at once. Just sit down out here and I'll bring it."

Then she remembered the new pie she had made that morning, and in her generosity she decided to cut him the first slice. "Of course," she reflected, "he'll have to chop some wood afterwards."

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She returned in a moment with the pie.

"God bless you, M'm," said the tramp.

"Don't mention it," returned the lady. Then she added: "You'll find the axe in the shed!"

The tramp looked up in surprise. Then he looked at the pie. He was thinking of the pie; she was thinking of the wood.

With startled cry the tramp took to his heels. And Mrs. Newlywed wondered.

PHILOSOPHY

In the July World's Work, following Mr. Rockefeller's "Reminiscences," begins the autobiography of Alexander Irvine, who is now a lay preacher in one of the New York churches. Mr. Irvine is an Irish socialist; he was born in a poor and ignorant family, enlisted in the army to learn to work, was "converted" and went about preaching his experience. Since coming to this country he has won a reputation as a stirring orator.

"I bounced into the alley one Sunday morning," writes Mr. Irvine in his first chapter, "whistling a Moody and Sankey hymn.

" 'Shut up ye'r mouth!' said my father.

" 'It's a hymn tune,' I replied.

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“ ‘ I don’t care a damn!’ replied my father. ‘ It’s the Lord’s day, and if I hear you whistlin’ in it, I’ll whale the hell out o’ ye!’ ”

“ That was his philosophy, and he lived it.”

BARBERISM

A priest went to a barber shop conducted by one of his Irish parishioners to get a shave. He observed the barber was suffering from a recent celebration, but decided to take a chance. In a few moments the barber’s razor had nicked the father’s cheek. “ There, Pat, you have cut me,” said the priest as he raised his hand and caressed the wound. “ Yis, y’r riv’rance,” answered the barber. “ That shows you,” continued the priest, in a tone of censure, “ what the use of liquor will do.” “ Yis, y’r riv’rance,” replied the barber, humbly, “ it makes the skin tender.”

THE WORM RETORTS

Mrs. Henpeck had dragged her worst half to the art gallery and they were now viewing a picture of a loving old couple kissing. “ That picture is called ‘ Old Enough to Know Better,’ isn’t it, my dear?” asked Henpeck, sarcastically.

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"Not on your miserable existence!" warmly replied the lady, referring to her catalogue; "the title of that beautiful work of art is 'Age Matters Not!'"

"The natural inference being that once a fool, always a fool, eh?" cackled Henpeck.

A "SORT OF COUSIN"

The lawyer eyed the woman in the witness box in patient despair. Then, on the authority of a writer in the Detroit "News," he rallied visibly.

"You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a 'sort of relation' of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my second cousin's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then, again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't

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ever figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

"Quite right," said the lawyer, feebly.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

When the young husband reached home from the office he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed on his shoulder. "I had baked a lovely cake, and I put it out on the back porch for the frosting to dry, and, and the dog ate it!"

"Well, don't cry about it, sweetheart," he consoled, patting the pretty, flushed cheek. "I know a man who will give us another dog!"

PRECAUTION

A newly appointed Scotch minister on his first Sunday of office had reason to complain of the poorness of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close — vera close. But," confidentially, "the auld meenister he put three or four saxpense into the plate hissel', just to gie them a start. Of course he took the saxpense awa' with him afterward." The new minister tried the same plan, but the

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next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own sixpences were missing. "Ye may be a better preacher than the auld meenister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, an' o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the sax-penses to the plate."

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE

The canny old Scot possessed a fine collie dog, and the American visitor was trying his best to induce its owner to sell it to him.

"Wud ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old shepherd.

"Wal, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thocht as moch. Weel, I canna part wi' Jock."

Just then an English tourist came up, and after some haggling the shepherd sold the collie to the newcomer for much less than the American had offered.

The latter was much annoyed.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him, stranger," said he, when the purchaser had departed.

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"Na, na," replied the Scot, "I said I couldna part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldna swim the Atlantic."

LUCKY HORSE

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?" "Yes," was the complacent reply. "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I consulted a veterinary surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."

HARD TO ARRANGE

About a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

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"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, and when he's sober he won't marry me."

ANTICIPATION

A gentleman lying on his deathbed, was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there annythin' that wud make ye comfortable? Annythin' ye ask for I'll get for ye."

"Plase, Bridget," he responded, "I t'ink I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smell a-boilin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget. "Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."

YARNS

Baggs and Jaggs met, and Baggs and Jaggs got yarning.

"I once knew a man, dear boy," began Baggs, "who was so ticklish on the bottoms of his feet that whenever he took a bath he had to walk about afterwards on a blotter. It was the only method of foot-drying that wouldn't throw him into fits."

"That's nothing, my dear fellow," retorted

Hello Bill!

Jaggs. "I used to board at a place where the landlady was so nervous that whenever the wind blew she had to go out and grease the corners of the house, so that the wind wouldn't creak when it went round them."

WHY?

Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded, eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?" This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike, he said: "Faith, Moike, the captain is roight! Whoi?"

PAY IN ADVANCE

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

Hello Bill!

“ Yessir.”

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

“ Well,” said the young man, “ aren’t you going to bring it? ”

“ Yessir.”

“ Why don’t you, then? ”

“ Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter, sir, are fifteen hundred dollars and fifty cents. If you take it without butter, sir, it is only fifteen hundred dollars, sir.”

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.

A BRIGHT BOY

“ Now, Tommy,” said the teacher, “ you may give me an example of a coincidence.”

“ Why, er,” said Tommy, with some hesitation — “ why, er, why — me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day.”

SUSPICION

Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors’ Club said: “ Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in

Hello Bill!

Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron, and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.' "

MISJUDGED

"Did you write this report on my lecture, 'The Curse of Whiskey'?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then kindly explain what you mean by saying, 'The lecturer was evidently full of her subject!'"

HE WENT

Charles F. Adams has told how a book canvasser called on Dr. Holmes to persuade him to subscribe for the Century Dictionary. "No," said the doctor, "I'm too old — eighty years — I sha'n't live to see the Century finished."

Hello Bill!

"Nay, doctor," persisted the agent, "you won't have to live so very much longer to use our book; we've already got to G." "And you may go to ——1, if you like!" exclaimed the doctor, and the agent went.

BOSTON MODESTY

A Boston girl the other day said to a Southern friend who was visiting her, as two men rose in a car to give them seats: "Oh, I wish they would not do it." "Why not? I think it is very nice of them," said her friend, settling herself comfortably. "Yes, but one can't thank them, you know, and it is so awkward." "Can't thank them! Why not?" "Why, you would not speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her Southern friend.

FUNNY INSURANCE BLUNDERS

The ways in which application forms for insurance are filled up are often more amusing than enlightening, as The British Medical Journal shows in the following excellent selection of examples:

Mother died in infancy.

Hello Bill!

Father went to bed feeling well, and the next morning woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he bade fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child.

Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.

MET HIS MATCH

Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, once met his match. When examining a student as to the classes he attended, he said: "I understand you attend the class for mathematics?" "Yes." "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student.

Hello Bill!

"Indeed! What are they?" What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he promptly said: "An inside and an outside." The doctor next inquired: "And you attend the moral philosophy class, also?" "Yes." "Well, you doubtless heard lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes." "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes." "Give me an instance." "A barrow wheeled by a man." The doctor hastily sat down, and proposed no more questions.

LITTLE DUE

Gracie — Oh, Mr. Nocoyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!

Nocoyne — W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow.

NOT BECOMING TO HIM

Mr. X was a prominent member of the B. P. O. E. At the breakfast table the other morning he was relating to his wife an incident that occurred at the lodge the previous night. The president of the order offered a silk hat to

Hello Bill!

the brother who could stand up and truthfully say that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife. "And, would you believe it, Mary? — not a one stood up." "George," his wife said, "why didn't you stand up?" "Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I knew I looked like hell in a silk hat."

DIDN'T EXPECT TOO MUCH

Mrs. Housen Hohm — What is your name?

Applicant for Cookship — Miss Arlington.

Mrs. Housen Hohm — Do you expect to be called Miss Arlington?

Applicant — No, ma'am; not if you have an alarm clock in my room.

IT CAN'T BE SUPPRESSED

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once.

The officer with a gesture of disgust threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box.

Hullo Bill!

The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty.

"Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes as evidence agin you."

DANGEROUS!

Pat — I hear your woife is sick, Moike.

Mike — She is thot.

Pat — Is it dangerous she is?

Mike — Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more!

NOT TOO PRECIPITATE

The "colored lady" who entered my service as cook gave her name as Juletta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Juletta," I asked her one day, "that you go by the name of Price while your husband's name is Ledbetter?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this-a way. I had n' been acquainted with George but fo' days when I

Hello Bill!

married him, an' I did n' know how I was gonter lak him nor how he was gonter lak me. Now these divorcements betwix' married folks is a heap er trouble an' a heap er expense, too; an' I 'lowed the safest way fer us to do wus fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine tell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

IN MEMORIAM

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Yes; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive?"

"Yes, but his hair is all gone."

TOO SMART A BOY

Traveler — Say, boy, your corn looks kind of yellow.

Boy — Yes, sir. That's the kind we planted.

Traveler — Looks as though you will only have a half crop.

Boy — Don't expect any more. The landlord gets the other half.

Traveler after a minute's thought — Say,

Hello Bill!

there is not much difference between you and a fool.

Boy — No, sir. Only the fence.

ON THE PHONE

"Hello, hello, who is this, please?" the man at the phone impatiently hurled at the mouth-piece.

"This is — Whom did you want?" came back a feminine voice.

"I called for number —. Confound it; I've forgotten the number now. Who is this, anyway?"

"Sir, I think you might be a little more polite in your manner toward a lady. You've doubtless got the wrong number."

"How can I tell whether I've got the right or wrong number if you won't tell me who you are? Some women make me tired!"

"You're a gentleman!"

"You're a lady!"

"You're positively insulting. I —"

"Back up! Who are you, anyway?"

"Sir, I'll tell you who I am. I'm the wife of the biggest stockholder in this telephone company. I am Mrs. George Banks, that's who I am, sir!"

· Hello Bill!

“Great Scott, Mary! I’ve been trying to get you. This is George, your husband!”

THE CLERK SCORED

There is a proprietor of a shop who is for ever scolding his employees for their indifference in the matter of possible sales. One day, hearing an assistant say to a customer: “No, we have not had any for a long time,” the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glassy eye on his clerk, he said to the customer:

“We have plenty in reserve, ma’am — plenty downstairs!”

Whereupon the customer looked dazed; and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quitted the shop.

“What did she say to you?” demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

“We haven’t had any rain lately.”

MAKING CERTAIN

Officers have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might curtail or forego the privilege. Not long ago an Irishman

Hello Bill!

whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City Hospital relief station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the relief station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But sure, this is the relief station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the officer, a little angry at the man's persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station!"

PRETTY DEEP

A Yankee just returning to the States was dining with an Englishman, and the latter complained of the mud in America.

"Yes," said the American, "but it's nothing to the mud over here."

"Nonsense!" said the Englishman.

Hello Bill!

"Fact," the American replied. "Why, this afternoon I had a remarkable adventure — came near getting into trouble with an old gentleman — all through your confounded mud."

"Some of the streets are a little greasy at this season, I admit," said the Englishman. "What was your adventure, though?"

"Well," said the American, "as I was walking along I noticed that the mud was very thick, and presently I saw a high hat afloat on a large puddle of very rich ooze. Thinking to do some one a kindness, I gave the hat a poke with my stick, when an old gentleman looked up from beneath, surprised and frowning. 'Hello!' I said. 'You're in pretty deep!' 'Deeper than you think,' he said. 'I'm on the top of an omnibus!'"

THE WISE YOUNG MAN

"Yes," said the old man to his young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her \$1,000 when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her

Hello Bill!

\$3,000, and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have \$5,000 with her."

The young man reflected for a moment and then inquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

WOMAN AT THE TELEPHONE

"Hello, hello!" shouted the fireman on the engine house end of the telephone, in answer to a long ring.

"Hello!" came back in feminine tones. "Is this the fire station?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, I want to inform you that my yard runs right up to the walk that runs along the side of the Cummingses' walk next door —"

"I guess you've got the wrong number, ma'am."

"You said this was the fire station, didn't you?"

"Yes; but —"

"Well, I want to say that I'm trying very hard to raise a respectable yardful of grass and have lately planted grass seed as far as the Cummingses' walk. Then, besides the grass seed, I had it all tidied up and made ready for planting bulbs, and —"

Hello Bill!

"I say, ma'am, you are mistaken in the telephone number. This —"

"Isn't this the fire station?"

"It is; but —"

"Very well. Now, I want to say further that however careless our neighbors, the Cummingses, are with their garden, we are very, very much the other way. In fact, a pretty lawn, adorned with a variety of flowers, is what I and my husband are looking for next season, and we want our yard to appear as well clear up to the Cummingses' sidewalk as it is possible to have it. Why, I wouldn't any more allow a person to step on my grass seed or —"

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, what has this to do with the fire station?"

"Oh, well, I want to inform you that our house is No. 200 School Street, and that the Cummingses' house next door is afire. Now, don't let your firemen trample —"

But the fireman had dropped the receiver.

REAL ERUDITION

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the

Hello Bill!

church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

SO SWEET OF HIM

"Hullo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here."

"Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown.

"Yes, you see, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."

SHE GOT THE MONEY

The young wife of a Kaslo, B. C., man, who is not especially sweet-tempered, one day approached her lord concerning the matter of one hundred dollars or so.

"I'd like to let you have it, my dear," began

Hello Bill!

the husband, "but the fact is I haven't that amount in the bank this morning — that is to say, I haven't that amount to spare, inasmuch as I must take up a note for two hundred dollars this afternoon."

"Oh, very well, James!" said the wife, with an ominous calmness, "if you think the man who holds the note can make things any hotter for you than I can — why, do as you say, James!"

AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE

Mr. Meenchus (tossing restlessly on his sick bed) — My dear, it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill this will be!

Mrs. Meenchus — Never mind, Joseph. You know there's the insurance money!

FOOD FOR BABES

In the soft twilight of the sultry summer day mother came upon Young Hopeful standing in a brown study by the greenhouse door. His hands were clasped before him, his lips dejectedly parted.

"Why, what's the matter, lamb?" asked mother, bending over him.

Wello Bill!

“ I’m finkin’, muvver.”

“ What about, little man? ”

“ Have gooseberries any legs, muvver? ”

“ Why, no, of course not, dearie! ”

A deeper shade fell athwart Young Hopeful’s face as he raised his eyes to hers.

“ Then, muvver, I fink I’ve swallered a caterpillar! ”

FIRST HAND EVIDENCE

Gentleman (to cigar dealer) — Have you any so-and-so brand in stock? How are they?

Dealer — First-class, sir. This last lot is an extremely fine one.

Gentleman (departing) — Thanks. You wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day.

A DELICATE HINT

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

“ Maggie,” he said, at length, “ wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht? ”

“ Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were.”

“ An’ wasna I here on Monday nicht? ”

“ Aye, so ye were.”

Hello Bill!

"An' I was here on Tuesday night, an' Wednesday night, an' Thursday night, an' Friday night?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): "Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat?"

NO ESCAPE FOR HIM

"How dare you come on parade," exclaimed an Irish sergeant to a recruit, "before a respectable man loike mesilf smothered from head to foot in graise an' poipe clay? Tell me now — answer me when I spake to yez!"

The recruit was about to excuse himself for his condition when the sergeant stopped him.

"Dare yez to answer me when I puts a question to yez?" he cried. "Hould yer lyin' tongue, and open yer face at yer peril! Tell me now, what have ye been doin' wid yer uniform an' arms an' bilts? Not a word, or I'll clap yez in the guard-room. When I axes yez anything an' yez spakes I'll have yez tried for insolence

Hello Bill!

to yer superior officer, but if yez don't answer when I questions yez, I'll have yez punished for disobedience of orders! So, yez see, I have yez both ways!"

WRONG DOCTOR

A short time ago a young lady was troubled with a boil on her knee which grew so bad that she thought it necessary to call in a physician. She had formed a dislike for the family physician, so her father suggested several others, and finally said that he would call in the physician with the homœopathic case, who passed the house every day. They kept a sharp lookout for him, and when he came along he was called in. The young lady modestly showed him the disabled member. The little man looked at it and said: "Why, that's pretty bad." "Well," she said, "what must I do?" "If I were you," he answered, "I would send for a physician. I am a piano-tuner."

FRUITLESS

Little Mollie had hastily undressed, and jumped into bed without saying her prayers. "Why, dearest!" said her nurse, "aren't you

Hello Bill!

going to say your prayers to-night, especially when you have had a new baby brother brought to the house to-day? ”

“ No, I ain’t,” said Mollie. “ And that baby brother’s just the trouble.”

“ But why? ” asked the nurse. “ Don’t you like your baby brother? ”

“ What’s the use? ” queried the little girl. “ I’ve been prayin’ for a little sister every night for six months, and Bobbie, he only began askin’ for a little brother yesterday, and he got his right off.”

THE SUFFRAGETTE IN BUSINESS

The theater express was crowded and those nearby heard her say to her husband: “ I am just simply disgusted with my banking house; really, they are the limit.”

“ What is the trouble, honey; what have they done? ”

“ Why, that impertinent cashier sent me a formal note to-day, to say that I had overdrawn my account for \$25.”

“ Well, that’s just a business form; it’s customary.”

“ Yes, but it’s not customary to do it twice, is it? ”

Hello Bill!

“That depends. If you don’t pay promptly they do.”

“Yes, but I did pay them,” and she was very positive in her indignation, “and that silly cashier knew it, too, for I sent him my check for the amount yesterday.”

NOT OPEN TO EVERYBODY

“A most peculiar effect was produced by an announcement in the advertisements of a county fair to be held in my State,” says Congressman Champ Clark. “Among other things, the announcement said that ‘attractive features of this great Fair will be highly amusing donkey-races and pig-races.’ Then, to the amazement of the judicious, this note was added: ‘Competition in these two contests will be open to citizens of the county only!’”

NOT QUITE TACTFUL

Widow (tearfully) — John was such a hand to worry when things didn’t go right. He simply wore himself out doing it. Why, the very last day he lived he was fretting because the price of coal had gone up fifty cents a ton.

Friend (trying to say something consoling)

Hello Bill!

— It is too bad — too bad, madam! But your husband is over all his troubles at last. He won't have to worry over the price of coal where he is now.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to stop it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys, who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes. "Golly," he remarked, finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

HIS METHOD

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries: "Who influenced you most, the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?"

He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a juryman. This was the man's reply:

Hello Bill!

“ I’ll tell yer, sir, ’ow I makes up my mind. I’m a plain man and a reasonin’ man, and I ain’t influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say; no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the dock, and I says: ‘ If he ain’t done nothing, why’s he there? ’ and I brings ’em all in guilty.”

MODEL HUSBAND

A certain Atlanta man came down to his office, grinning all over his face. All morning long he hummed and whistled, till his partner asked him what he’d had.

“ My wife told me this morning that I was a model husband.”

“ I don’t call that much of a compliment,” said the other. “ You just look that word up in the dictionary,” was the advice.

He went to the dictionary and this is what it read, “ Model — a small pattern; a miniature of something on a larger scale.”

CULINARY NOTE

“ Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain’t exactly like that she won’t take it,” said the small boy.

Hello Bill!

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly:

"Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."

BUSY PAPA

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."

ELIZABETH AGAIN

Local Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifteenth Street jeweler. The other day his wife was in the jewelry store when the 'phone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H——," said a woman's voice.

Hello Bill!

"Who is this?" demanded the jeweler's wife.
"Elizabeth."

"Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?"

"I want to speak to Mr. H——."

"You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H——."

The jeweler's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?"

"I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweler up and telling him it's Elizabeth.

LIGHT OF LIFE

Mrs. Newwed — John, am I still the light of your life?

Mr. Newwed — Quit your kidding. I just paid a nine-dollar gas bill this morning.

GEMS

A teacher in one of the Topeka schools read at a recent teachers' meeting from a collection of quaint examination answers that she had been gathering for some years.

Hello Bill!

The gems of the collection were:

"A blizzard is the inside of a hen."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth."

"Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides."

"The cuckoo never lays its own eggs."

"A mosquito is a child of black and white parents."

A TANNER

Stranger — Isn't your father a lawyer?

Small Boy — Most of the time; but when I misbehave he's a tanner.

THE MEDDLESOME LAW

A little man slunk out of a house on the avenue, glanced up apprehensively at its front windows, then darted down the street. Before he had traversed twenty steps, however, he found himself in the clutches of a huge policeman.

"Let me go, officer!" he pleaded, as the grim custodian of the law held him fast.

"Not much, I won't. What're you acting so suspiciously around here for, eh?"

"I live in that house there," was the discomfited man's explanation. "Don't hold; let me go, I say!"

Hello Bill!

"Oh, you live there, do you? Come, that's too thin. You just walk back to that house with me and prove it!"

"But my wife is getting ready to spend the day out; you'll get me in a fix, officer!"

"That's what I'm paid for — Step lively, now, and we'll see what your game is!"

So back they went, the officer tightly clutching his protesting charge. When the front door of the house in point was reached an upper window flew up and a woman's head popped out.

"Oh, was he trying to sneak off, Mister Policeman?" she sweetly asked.

"He was, ma'am. He says he lives here!"

"He does, officer, thank you, he's my husband."

The policeman stared.

"But bring him in," she continued. "I want him to button the back of my dress before he goes down to his office."

THE BRUTE

She was in an imaginative mood.

"Henry, dear," she said after talking two hours without a recess, "I sometimes wish I were a mermaid."

Hello Bill!

"It would be fatal," snapped her weary hubby.

"Fatal! In what way?"

"Why, you couldn't keep your mouth closed long enough to keep from drowning."

And after that, Henry did not get any supper.

HAIR PICKING

He — Have you noticed that long hair makes a man look intellectual?

She — Well, I've seen wives pick them off their husband's coats when it made them look foolish.

SOME PLUCK ABOUT HIM

The old gentleman, in his heart, did not object to the young man as a son-in-law, but he was one of that kind of gentlemen who like to raise objections first, and then reach an agreement as though conferring a favor. When the young man called he was ready for him.

"So," he interrupted, fiercely, almost before the suitor could commence, "you want me to let you marry my daughter, do you?"

The young man very coolly responded:

"I didn't say so, did I?"

Hello Bill!

The old gentleman gasped.

"But you were going to say so!"

"Who told you I was?" inquired the applicant, seeing his advantage.

"But you want me to let you marry her, don't you?"

"No."

"No!" exclaimed the old gentleman, almost falling off his chair.

"That's what I said."

"Then what the mischief do you want?"

"I want you to give your consent," replied the youth, pleasantly. "I am going to marry her, anyhow, but we thought your consent wouldn't be a bad thing to have as a start."

It took the old gentleman a minute to realize the situation. When he did he put out his hand.

"Shake hands, my boy," said he. "I've been looking for a son-in-law with some pluck about him, and I'm sure you'll do first-class."

S. P. G.

Tommy, fourteen years old, arrived home for the holidays, and at his father's request produced his account book, duly kept at school. Among the items "S. P. G." figured largely

Hello Bill!

and frequently. "Darling boy," fondly exclaimed his doting mamma: "see how good he is — always giving to the missionaries." But Tommy's sister knew him better than even his mother did, and took the first opportunity of privately inquiring what those mystic letters stood for. Nor was she surprised ultimately to find that they represented, not the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but "Sundries, Probably Grub."

AN UNDERSTANDING

Hub (during a quarrel) — You talk like an idiot.

Wife — I've got to talk so you can understand me.

THE MOMENT OF HIS LIFE

She cuddled close up to him, for it was only the seventh anniversary of their marriage.

"Archie, dearest," she whispered, "what was the happiest moment of your life?"

"Ah," he replied, "how well I remember it! I can never forget — not even if I rival Methuselah in age! It will always stand out as plainly as it does to-night!"

Hello Bill!

She sighed and nestled closer.

"And when was it, Archie, love?" she pressed.

"Have you not guessed?" he answered. "It was when you came to me last month and told me your mother would not be able to spend her usual four months' holiday with us this year!"

And they lived unhappily ever after.

SOMETHING FANCY

Waiter — Table d'hote, sir?

Uncle Cy — What's a tabledote?

Waiter — Course dinner, sir.

Uncle Cy — Nit fur me. I git all the coarse grub I need to home, and when I git to town I want somethin' a bit fancy.

HIS CURIOUS INDIFFERENCE

She looked magnificent as she stood before him.

"Don't I look pretty to-night?" she asked expectantly.

"Splendid," he replied, but without enthusiasm.

"You're so cold," she protested. "Other

Hello Bill!

men pay me homage though I seek it not. But you — why is it you never seem to — to care? ”

“ Perhaps,” he said, “ it is best that I should tell you. The fact is, I worked for several years in a drug store.”

NEAR HOME

Emily — It is delightful to feel that one is so near home. We ought to sight Sandy Hook this afternoon.

Dora — Shall we? How delightful! Don't tell me which he is. I can always pick out a Scotchman out of a hundred.

NOT PROPER

A love-smitten youth who was studying the approved method of proposal asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

“ If he doesn't,” replied his friend, “ the girl should get off.”

DEFINITIONS

Inquiring Son — Papa, what is reason?

Fond Parent — Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Hello Bill!

And what is instinct?

Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.

A "FLOORIST"

"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown.

"Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practising upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."

THE SMALLEST

A conductor on the Hammersmith to Hampton Court tram car had a good run of business on Sunday afternoon, but he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many persons who patronized his car handed him sovereigns and half-sovereigns in payment of their fares.

The conductor managed to get along fairly well until a woman, carrying a tiny infant, boarded his car.

When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a sovereign.

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another run upon his change.

Hello Bill!

The woman looked at the conductor and then at the baby, and made this surprising reply:

"Yes. I have been married only twelve months."

A GOOD SHOT

Two "jags" were ambling homeward at an early hour, after being out nearly all night. "Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one. "Not often," replied the other; "she throws pretty straight."

IT WASN'T

De Kitt — Your lecture on the appendix was immense. I didn't think it was in you.

De Witt — It isn't. I had it cut out last year.

A THOUGHTFUL GIFT

Tom went out to buy a pair of gloves for his sweetheart's Christmas present and to make a purchase for his father. Of course, he got things mixed, as they always do in stories, and the young lady received a pair of heavy woolen men's socks with the following note:

"Dear Helen: Please accept these in con-

Hello Bill!

sideration of my love for you. Oh, that I were to be the only one to see them when you wear them. If you find any difficulty in getting them on, blow in them. Yours affectionately,

“Tom.”

UNAPPRECIATIVE

A Canadian author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto.

Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said:

“Is it over?”

“Practically.”

“But, Great Scott! man, they haven’t sung my anthem!”

“Well,” said the conductor, “so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly, why sing it at all?”

DISAGREED

Two young men who had been chums at college went abroad together. One conscientiously wanted to visit every spot mentioned in the guide books; the other was equally conscientious about having a hilarious time. This naturally led to disagreements. In the course

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of one of these, the lover of pleasure said tauntingly:

"Perhaps you are doing these places so thoroughly because you are going to write a book about your trip."

"I should," replied the other promptly, "if Robert Louis Stevenson hadn't pre-empted the title I want to use."

"What's that?"

"'Travels with a Donkey.'"

NO DANGER

Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house and said breathlessly:

"Mother, they have a new baby next door and the lady over there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

"Yes, dear," said the mother. "I will go over in a day or two, just as soon as she gets better."

"But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick and maybe you can do something to help."

"Yes, dear," said his mother patiently, "but wait a day or so until she is just a little better."

Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his

Hello Bill!

mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurted out:

"Mother, you needn't be afraid — it ain't catching."

KNOWN BY HIS FRIENDS

A forlorn-looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as —"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."

WHO DONE IT?

A teacher in the primary grade of a Newark school was instructing her class in the composition of sentences. After a talk of several minutes, she wrote two sentences on the blackboard,

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one grammatically wrong, the other a misstatement of facts. The sentences were: "The hen has three legs. Who done it?" "Willie," she said, "go to the blackboard and show where the fault lies in these two sentences." Willie did so. To her astonishment, he wrote: "The hen never done it; God done it."

AN EXPERT

"Do you know what to do if the car should break down?" asked the thoughtful mother of the young man who was going to take her daughter out in his new Napier.

"Certainly," he answered.

The young people were quite late in returning. The fair young daughter rushed in to her mother and said:

"Oh, mamma, the car did break down! But Jack knew exactly what to do! We — we are engaged!"

HONESTY PROVEN

District Attorney Jerome, at a dinner in New York, told a story about honesty. "There was a man," he said, "who applied for a position in a dry-goods house. His appearance wasn't prepossessing, and references were de-

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manded. After some hesitation, he gave the name of a driver in the firm's employ. This driver, he thought, would vouch for him. A clerk sought out the driver, and asked him if the applicant was honest. "Honest?" the driver said. "Why, his honesty's been proved again and again. To my certain knowledge he's been arrested nine times for stealing and every time he was acquitted."

A PROTRACTED VISIT

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me last week he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

TROUBLE ENOUGH

Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, often tells of a lady, who, on the way back from her husband's funeral, stopped with her supporters at a house of refreshment. Gin was chosen as

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the beverage best suited to the occasion, and a liberal quantity of the transparent fluid was poured into the bereaved lady's glass. "Any water, Min?" one of the other ladies asked her, holding out the pitcher. But she did not deign to lift her face from her handkerchief. "Water?" she sobbed. "Water? Good heavens, ain't I got trouble enough as it is?"

HE DID IT IN THE 60'S

She — Yes, indeed! My father is a self-made man. Why, he went in the Fakeall Hardware Store as an office boy at \$12 per month, and in less than eight years he owned the store.

He — That's good! But I couldn't do that in the store I'm working in now.

She — How's that?

He — Oh, we have cash registers.

NOISY PLACE

Two women, walking along one of the business thoroughfares of New York, heard a great shouting of "Extry, extry," and looked about to see where all the noise was coming from. Across the street they spied one very small newsboy shouting with all his might. One of

Hello Bill!

the women, attracting the boy's attention, called him to her and bought a paper; then, as she dropped the pennies into the little fellow's hand, she said: "You mustn't make so much noise, my little man; you can sell your papers just as well without yelling so." For half a second the boy looked up at her in surprise, then exclaimed: "You don't understand, missus; you've got to yell like hell to make a living in New York."

IN THE GARDEN

Mr. S—— offered a young colored man fifteen cents to cut the grass about his home. Returning a few hours later, Mr. S—— saw the darky whom he had hired lying in the shade of some trees watching another darky cut the grass.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired Mr. S——.

"Nawthin', sah," returned the negro, placidly. "Jim just happened along and done offered to take the job offen my hands, and I 'lowed he could do it just as well as I could, sah."

"Oh, it's all right, Sam. I suppose you are making something off the deal, aren't you?"

Hello Bill!

Mr. S—— queried, amused at the lordly air of Sam.

“No, sah,” replied the negro. “I done tole that Jim I’d give him two bits (twenty-five cents) to cut that thar grass.”

“Two bits!” exclaimed Mr. S——. “Why, Sam, you are an awful fool. That is ten cents more than I am going to pay you.”

“Yes, sah,” Sam rejoined, amiably. “I know dat, sah; but I calc’late it’s wuth ten cents to me to be boss for a whole afternoon, sah.”

COSTLY ADVICE

An impecunious young lawyer recently received the following letter from a tailor to whom he was indebted:—

“Dear Sir: Kindly advise me by return mail when I may expect a remittance from you in settlement of my account.

“Yours truly,

“J. Snippen.”

The follower of Blackstone immediately replied:—

“Dear Sir: I have your request for advice of a recent date, and beg leave to say that not having received any retainer from you I cannot

Hello Bill!

act in the premises. Upon receipt of your check for \$250 I shall be very glad to look the matter up for you and to acquaint you with the results of my investigations. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,
"Barclay B. Coke."

THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN

O'Flanagan came home 'one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike," exclaimed his wife, "what are you wearing that mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearing it for your first husband," replied Mike, firmly; "I'm sorry he's dead."

THOUGHT SHE'D GONE

When Mr. Daniels went down to the club he left Mrs. Daniels with a lady friend whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his head into the drawing-room and said, with a sigh of relief:

"That old cat gone, I suppose?"

For just an instant there was a dreadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony glare of the lady who had

Hello Bill!

been in his mind. Then Mrs. Daniels spoke quite calmly:

"The old cat?" she said. "Oh, yes, dear; I sent it to the Cats' Home in a basket first thing this morning!"

WISE FORETHOUGHT

"Now, Pat, would you sooner lose your money or your life?"

"Why, me loife, yer reverence; I want me money for me old age."

THOUGHTFUL

The Youngs had dropped in unexpectedly upon the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. Mother, who was somewhat disturbed, called Helen aside and explained that there would not be oysters enough to go round, and added: "Now you and I will just have some of the broth. And please not make any fuss about it at the table."

Little Helen promised to be good and say nothing. But when the oysters were served, Helen discovered a small one that had been accidentally ladled up with her broth. She could not remember any instructions that covered this contingency, so after studying the situation

Hello Bill!

a while she held the oyster up as high as she could on her spoon and piped out:

“Mamma, Mamma, shouldn’t Mrs. Young have this oyster, too?”

TOO THICK

Author — Have you read my new book?

Friend — Yes.

Author — What do you think of it?

Friend — Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.

EASILY DIRECTED

A large masculine-looking woman entered a department store and accosted the floor-walker in a loud tone:

“I want to get something out of the ordinary, something that none of the other women are wearing, something, however, that will suit me.”

“Certainly, Madam. Men’s Clothing, third floor, front.”

FRACTIONS

Teacher (giving a lesson on fractions) — Here, children, is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two, what shall I have?

Class — Halves!

Hello Bill!

Teacher — And if I cut it again in two, what do I get?

Class — Quarters!

Teacher — And if I again do the same?

Class — Eighths!

Teacher — And if I continue in the same way?

Class (a duet) — Sixteenths!

Teacher — Good! And if we cut our pieces once more in two, what then shall we have?

Tommy (after a long silence) — Please, miss, mincemeat!

DOWNRIGHT LAZINESS

George Washington drew a long sigh and said: “ Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermillions.”

Dixie's eyes lighted. “ Hum! Dat would suttenly be fine! An' ef yo' had a hundred watermillions would yo' gib me fifty? ”

“ No, Ah wouldn't.”

“ Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five? ”

“ No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five.”

Dixie gazed with reproachful eyes at his close-fisted friend. “ Seems to me, you's powahful stingy, George Washington,” he said, and then continued in a heartbroken voice. “ Wouldn't yo' gib me one? ”

Hello Bill!

“ No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a-heah, niggah! Are yo' so good for nuffen lazy dat yo' cahn't wish fo' yo' own watermillions? ”

NOT YET

Uncle Ellery — Now, I'll learn ye to milk the cow.

Nephew from the City — Oh, unkie, I'm kinder 'fraid o' the cow; couldn't I just as well learn on the calf?

NO ANNOYANCE

Tourist — You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation; don't the crows annoy you a good deal?

Farmer — Oh, not to any extent.

Tourist — That's singular, considering you have no scarecrows.

Farmer — Oh well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

PUNCTUATION MADE EASY

Returning from school the other afternoon little Edith proudly informed her mother that she had learned to “ punchuate.”

Hello Bill!

"Well, dear, and how is it done?"

"You see, mamma," explained Edith, "when you write 'Scat,' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question then you put down a button hook."

GET ACQUAINTED

A minister of a fashionable church in Newark had always left the greeting of strangers to be attended to by the ushers, until he read the newspaper articles in reference to the matter.

"Suppose a representative should visit our church?" said his wife. "Wouldn't it be awful?"

"It would," the minister admitted.

The following Sunday evening he noticed a plainly dressed woman in one of the free pews. She sat alone and was clearly not a member of the flock. After the benediction the minister hastened and intercepted her at the door.

"How do you do?" he said, offering his hand.

"I am very glad to have you with us."

"Thank you," replied the young woman.

"I hope we may see you often in our church home," he went on. "We are always glad to welcome new faces."

"Yes, sir."

Hello Bill!

"Do you live in this parish?" he asked.

The girl looked blank.

"If you will give me your address my wife and I will call on you some evening."

"You wouldn't need to go far, sir," said the young woman, "I'm your cook!"

US CHICKENS

It was a dark night, and the owner of the chicken coop, gun in hand, was investigating certain suspicious noises he had heard.

"Who's in there?" he called at the open window.

Erastus, inside, replied softly and reassuringly: "Ain't nobody heah 'cep'n' us chickens."

ALL KINDS

"Football!" growled the angry father.
"Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did!" assented the father.

"First he was a quarterback —"

"Yes."

"Then a halfback —"

"Yes."

Hello Bill!

" Then a fullback — "

" Yes."

" And now — what is he now? "

" Now," roared the father, " he is a hunchback! "

TURN AROUND

Lady (on the Railway) — Please, sir, will you help me to get out at the next station?

Gentleman — Why, certainly, ma'am.

Lady — You see, sir, it's this way. Being rather stout, I have to turn around and get out backward, and the porters always think I am getting in, so they push me back into the carriage and say, "Hurry up, ma'am!" I've passed four stations that way already.

WAGNER TABOOED

An organ grinder, whose repertoire consisted largely of old-fashioned Italian melodies and operatic selections, played one or two of them before a suburban house. There happened to be a party of music-loving people on the porch — devotees of Wagner.

The host, whose hair was long and brushed pompadour, beckoned to the man.

" I should be glad," said he, with a lofty

Hello Bill!

manner, "if you would kindly play a few selections from Wagner."

Immediately the organ grinder, throwing up his hands wildly, replied:

"Wagner! Wagner! Not for fifty dollars. I breaks three organ an' killa two monk wid your Wagner! I play him no more!"

HIS DREADFUL NICKNAME

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames in school?"

"Yes, ma, they call me Corns."

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

MERELY CONVERSATIONAL

Irving Bacheller, it appears, was on a tramping tour through New England. He discovered a chin-bearded patriarch on a roadside rock.

"Fine corn," said Mr. Bacheller, tentatively, using a hillside filled with straggling stalks as a means of breaking the conversational ice.

"Best in Massachusetts," said the sitter.

"How do you plow that field?" asked Mr. Bacheller. "It is so very steep."

Hello Bill!

"Don't plow it," said the sitter. "When the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling down hill tear it up so that we can plant corn."

"And how do you plant it?" asked Mr. Bacheller. The sitter said that he didn't plant it, really. He stood in his back door and shot the seed in with a shotgun.

"Is that the truth?" asked Bacheller.

"H—ll no," said the sitter, disgusted.
"That's conversation."

A LETTER TO THE ANGELS

They are considerate youngsters in Nottingham, as most people know. A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:

"Dear Angels: — We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."

IMPRESSED

The June bride frowned.

"These tomatoes," she said, "are just twice as dear as those across the street. Why is it?"

Hello Bill!

“ Ah, ma'am, these ” — and the grocer smiled — “ these are hand picked.”

She blushed.

“ Of course,” she said hastily; “ I might have known. Give me a bushel, please.”

DOUBLY SURE

In one of the smaller cities of New England there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End Mission and the North End Mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located. One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished, high-church tone, as follows: “ There will be a service at the North End Mission at three o'clock, and at the East End at five. Children will be baptized at both ends.”

ALREADY TAKEN

A Mormon wife, coming down stairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

“ Is he very ill? ” she asked, anxiously.

“ He is,” replied the physician. “ I fear that the end is not far off.”

Hello Bill!

"Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly —
"do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

WAITING

Bobby — Make a noise like a frog, uncle.

Uncle — Why?

Bobby — 'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says, "Wait till your uncle croaks."

A PROVERB

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say of it?" "Well, I should say, never put off till tomorrow that which should have been done the day before yesterday."

SYMPATHETIC

A French general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old

Hello Bill!

servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed. "Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave — depart." The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "Me — I can go!" he exclaimed in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with the utmost compassion he added: "But you, my poor general — you must stay."

SEVERE ENGAGEMENT

An Irish soldier was recently given leave of absence the morning after pay day. When his leave expired he didn't appear. He was brought at last before the commandant for sentence, and the following dialogue is recorded:

"Well, Murphy, you look as if you had had a severe engagement."

"Yes, sur."

"Have you any money left?"

"No, sur."

"You had \$35 when you left the fort, didn't you?"

"Yes, sur."

"What did you do with it?"

Hello Bill!

“ Well, sur, I was walking along and I met a friend, and we went into a place and spint \$8. Thin we came out and I met another friend and we spint \$8 more, and thin I come out and we met another friend and we spint \$8 more, and thin we come out and we met another bunch of friends, and I spint \$8 more — and thin I come home.”

“ But, Murphy, that makes only \$32. What did you do with the other \$3?” Murphy thought. Then he shook his head slowly and said:

“ I dunno, colonel, I reckon I must have squandered that money foolishly.”

DIFFERENT NOW

Captain (receiving the new middy) — Well, boy, the old story, I suppose — fool of the family sent to sea? “ Oh, no, sir,” piped the boy; “ that’s all altered since your day.”

FOR CONVENIENCE

Three doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was reopened, the sponge found

Hello Bill!

within, and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened and closed. Then the third doctor missed a pair of scissors. "Gentlemen," said the victim as they were about to open him up again, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me."

WHO SWIPED IT?

Judge (sternly to Pat and Mike, who have been arrested for fighting) — Now, which one of you took the initiative?

Prisoners (in unison) — Begorra, sir, not I; wan of the bystanders must have swiped it.

PESSIMISTIC

Jennie — What makes George such a pessimist?

Jack — Well, he's been married three times — once for love, once for money and the last time for a home.

ADDING INJURY TO INSULT

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full

Hello Bill!

set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me!" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me — with my teeth!"

MY, HOW CARELESS

A country barber cut a customer's cheek four times while shaving him.

"Oh, dear me! how careless!" exclaimed the razor wielder after the infliction of each wound.

When the shave was over the customer took a glassful of water and at every mouthful shook his head from side to side.

"Anything the matter?" the barber asked.

"No," was the reply. "I only wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking!"

A PAIR FOR SOMEBODY

A through train on the Rock Island stopped a few moments at the Englewood station the other day. A passenger got off to walk around a little. As the train began to move again the passenger jumped aboard, but just then he dis-

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covered that he had but one overshoe. Thinking that he dropped the other somewhere on the platform, and, as the train was going too fast for him to jump off and recover it, he pulled off the remaining shoe and threw it on the platform, exclaiming: "There, that makes a good pair of overshoes for somebody." Entering the car, he proceeded to his seat. There, to his great astonishment, was his overshoe. A look of intense disgust came upon his face, but he did not hesitate. Quickly picking up the lone arctic, he hurried to the platform, threw the shoe as far as he could back toward the other one, and shouted: "By jimminy, there is a pair of overshoes for somebody!"

A "ROAST" ALL AROUND

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized, with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note.

Hello Bill!

Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words, "Go home and turn off the gas!"

BOTH LOOK SUSPICIOUS

"Mose, what is the difference between a bucket of milk in a rain storm and a conversation between two confidence men?"

"Say, boss, dat nut am too hard to crack; I'se gwine to give it up."

"Well, Mose, one is a thinning scheme and the other is a skinning theme."



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